Saving Money in the Home
Little Tricks For Women in Household Economics

By ELIZABETH LATTIMER.

ANOTHER Monday and another meeting of the Sewing Circle! I'm going to have a word today and that is to say, for the benefit of those readers, who are still sending in letters telling how to make aprons out of men's old shirts, that I have already awarded a prize for that idea. Father's shirts are still in the contest, but a more original use than making aprons must be found for them before they can have another prize.

Mystic Mit Does the Trick.

DEAR ELIZABETH LATTIMER:

I have found a small article costing 10 cents and called a Mystic Mit that can be bought at any ten cent store, is a labor saver also cheaper and does not scratch pans like so many of the cleansers on the market. One Mystic Mit will last a long time and can be washed just like a dish rag, it is also excellent for cleaning out the sink and takes the brown spots off the bottom of pans. I even use it for the kitchen knives.

MRS. C. J. H.

Here Is Ingenuity.

DEAR ELIZABETH LATTIMER:

I am anxious that you should know how I saved much more than a dollar. About two months ago, I bought a brown plush coat. Naturally, I wanted a hat to match it. I looked all over for the kind I wanted, but I never saw just what suited me. So finally I had an idea that I could make one, knowing just what I wanted. I went down town, bought a piece of brown velvet in a remnant which cost me about seventy-five cents, and I already had a hat frame. Then, as I was never satisfied with the plush belt that was on my coat, I took that and used it as the trimming and got a small leather belt for the coat.

Now I have a hat which every one admires and is really worth lots more than it cost.

M. H.

This Saves Work But Not Money.

DEAR ELIZABETH LATTIMER:

This idea has been very valuable to me. I found that if I took an empty baking can, and punched holes in the bottom with a nail, its sharp edges did very well for cutting up boiled potatoes before frying. Will you please print the address of Elizabeth Lattimer.

E. S.

My home is my retreat from outside and business cares, but I can always be reached when addressed at The Washington Times.

A Real Excuse For Chewing Gum At Last!

DEAR ELIZABETH LATTIMER:

I have found that a piece of chewing gum will mend a tear in oilcloth so that the tear is almost unnoticeable. Put the gum of a small piece of paper to prevent sticking to the table, and then put it on the underside of the oilcloth. Press all threads down firmly. The hardest wear will not undo this mend.

MRS. E. H.

Is This What Is the Matter With Your Furnace?

DEAR ELIZABETH LATTIMER:

Please permit a mere man to offer a suggestion which will not only conserve fuel but promote the comfort of the entire family during these wintry days. The recent cold snap brought to my attention the fact that we were not deriving the full amount of heat from our fuel, and that while we increased the amount of coal there was little difference to be noted in the temperature of the house.

A close inspection of the furnace revealed the fact that the "chinking" or filling around the door of the plant had completely fallen away, and it was these yawning cracks that interfered with the draft, making perfect heating impossible. For the small expenditure of 40 cents and a few moments of time I remedied this by packing the crevices well with a preparation made of equal parts of asbestos and plaster of paris—20 cents' worth of each—mixed with just sufficient cold water to make of the consistency of putty, with the result that we now enjoy the maximum of heat from the minimum of fuel, and future cold waves hold for us no discomforting thoughts.

F. S.

$1 PAID FOR EACH DOLLAR SAVED

How I Saved a Dollar.

Here is a chance for every one to earn a dollar by telling how she has saved a dollar. It may be a dollar or more. It may have been saved in a day or a week. However, all that matters is HOW it was saved.

$1 saved and $1 earned by the telling of the saving makes $2. How about it? Be brief and write only on one side of paper.

I will award a prize of $1 each day for one of the suggestions which I print.

ELIZABETH LATTIMER.

P. S.—If you want a prize, you must be willing to have your name and address used, because that is only fair to other contestants, who have a right to know that each day's prize winner is an actual person. However, I am delighted to have all sorts of ideas sent in, which, if not given a prize, will be printed with initials only and help the other readers.

If your first letter doesn't get a prize, try again. Even if it does, that is no bar to your getting another if your idea is worth it.

E. L.

Camisole Becomes Boudoir Cap.

DEAR MISS LATTIMER:

I recently saved a dollar by transforming an old silk camisole into a useful boudoir cap. The method was extremely simple. First, the worn places were covered by insets of medallions cut from old lace. The top and bottom being already fitted with elastic, all that was necessary to do was to draw the lower edge together and wind it with thread to form a rosette for the center of cap. The ribbon shoulder straps were allowed to remain; clipped loose from the garment at one end they formed becoming strings for the cap.

MRS. L. N.

Welcome Information For Everyone.

Although this idea was not submitted in contest for the prize, but simply from a spirit of mutual help, I am going to give it today's Economy Prize. Sickness is something we always seem to have with us, and iodine seems to be so universally prescribed that we will all be glad to know this in case of accident.

DEAR ELIZABETH LATTIMER:

I am not sending this for a prize, only to let those who have had the misfortune of getting iodine on anything, as I did one time. It was right after I had finished my course in nursing that I was doing some work in the laboratory when I broke a bottle of iodine and ruined my first white uniform and apron. Just as I was rushing out to go to my room a young chemist met me and said: "That isn't ruined; take it off and make some laundry starch and put it into it while it is hot, and it will be all right." I did just as he told me, and at once it was just as white as snow. I was so glad, because nurses' linen costs so much, and it certainly was not fit to wear in that condition. So this may help some one to save something real nice. It so often gets on one's bed clothing, scarfs, etc.

GRACE L. MERREY, R. N.,
2030 Lawrence street northeast.

Conversation

What Did You Talk About? About an Hour and Himself.

DRAWN BY C. D. BATCHELOR

Mrs. W. Woodrow Writes of Common Sense Not Always Surest Guide in Heart Affairs

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW.

AT times I am almost convinced that there is some truth in the old adage about the woman, the dog and the walnut tree, as claimed by many authorities the one sure passport to wifely devotion.

A woman writes me who for eleven years has been the victim of a drunken husband's abuse, who has left him on account of it three separate times, and been persuaded to return only to find conditions worse than before, and who now having positive proof of his infidelity, as she alleges, is on the eve of getting an absolute divorce; and she actually asks me whether I would advise her to yield to his entreaties and give him another trial.

"He was a widower some eight or ten years older than myself when we married," she says, "and a good-looking, jolly sort of a man, but even then addicted to drink. I was little more than a spoiled child, an only daughter, who was indulged in every way by my parents. For a year or two my husband and I got along comparatively well, in spite of his habits; then we moved to the city, where my parents resided, and I was never happy afterward except in their companionship. At times my husband would be kind and normal, but mostly he was irritable and sullen as a result of his excesses.

"My parents, residing in the same neighborhood, naturally became aware of his conduct, and my mother especially was very bitter toward him. Finally he got so that he was drinking a pint of whiskey a day, seldom coming home before 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, and then staggering in dead drunk.

"On one such occasion, becoming enraged at something I said, he held me in the bed with one hand and beat me over the head with the other. It was the first time he had ever struck me, and it seemed to break my heart. I begged the children—I have two, a boy of ten and a girl of seven—to say nothing about it to my mother, and they didn't. But the next night, coming home in the same condition, he grabbed me by the throat and would have choked me to death had not the children run for assistance.

"After that it was idle to attempt to conceal his abuse of me. I locked the door against him and obtained a legal separation, allowing him, however, to see the children whenever he desired.

"Then one Sunday he came to the house and demanded the children. I saw that he was awfully drunk, and refused. Instead, I locked up my home, gathered the children to me, after a scuffle on the street in which he tried to pull them away from me, and ran to my mother's. I had not been there more than a half an hour when word came that my house was on fire. I lost everything—piano, clothes, furniture. Practically nothing was saved.

"My husband was arrested, very drunk, and, after sobering up, admitted that he had been in the house, but claimed he was only there to get some of his clothes, and that if he had been responsible for the fire it was an accident. Two days later he attempted suicide and came very near dying as a result. Then, having obtained evidence which would permit such a step, I applied for absolute divorce.

"However, since then my mother has died, and, as my father had passed on before, I am now absolutely alone in the world. My children are beautiful, wonderful children, and I try to bear up for their sakes. But, oh, I am so sad and lonely, and I often long for my husband!

"When sober he was always kind to me and provided for me. He is anxious to come back, says he still loves me and the children, and assures me he will be a different man. And I, remember, have nothing now in life except those two graves in the cemetery. I crave love and companionship, and I want the children to have their father; but I am afraid. You know life, Mrs. Woodrow. Would you trust him and take him back? Or what would you do?

If I were to answer this according to the dictates of cold hard common sense I would tell you that, having definitely got rid of such an incubus, you are an extremely lucky woman. There never yet was a drunkard who was not profuse in maudlin promises of reform; but the few who have kept them might almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. I would want some far better guarantee than mere words from a man so weakened in moral and mental fiber by his excesses that he could be capable even when drunk of the crimes you charge—arson, murderous assault and attempted suicide.

If you are thinking of your children, certainly it would be no deprivation to them to be without such an example, or to be free from the scenes of wrangling and dissension which they have been compelled to witness.

Your husband has everything to gain by a reconciliation at this time and nothing to lose. His past misconduct would be condoned, wiped off the slate, and you would be as firmly bound to him as on the day that you were first pronounced man and wife.

Yet common sense is not always the surest guide. Sometimes the intuitions of the heart are more to be trusted. Miracles do occur. It may be that this man is sincere in his assurances of reformation and strong enough to keep them. Certainly there must be some good in him, else you could not dream of taking him back after such a disastrous experience. It may be, too, that without the family antagonism of which you speak things will go more smoothly with you. It is for you to decide; and, unless I miss my guess, you have already decided.

But you want to be very sure that you are right. In seasons of fresh bereavement such as you are passing through the heart is very tender; one is apt to be ruled more by sentiment than sense. Why not let him prove the sincerity of his good resolutions by a year of strict sobriety, in the meantime allowing your divorce to go to its conclusion? Then, when you can meet on even terms and he can offer a record of actual performance, it will be time to consider giving him another chance.

Underpaid Teachers

By Dr. Wm. A. McKeever,

Professor in the University of Kansas and an Authority on Child Training.

A NATION-WIDE survey of the field shows that the recent attempt to relieve the economic distress of the school teacher has made but little headway except in isolated cases. The chief stumbling block here is inelastic statute limitations as to taxation. What was once an adequate tax rate maximum is now far below the need.

This matter is one of deep concern for every parent in America. With 5,000,000 of our adult population still illiterate, with 4,000,000 children under teachers less than twenty-one years of age; with our normal schools poorly endowed and able to turn out only about one-sixth as many graduates annually as are needed to fill the teacher vacancies; with droves of fourteen-year-olds breaking away from school and hurrying off to a high-wage, but "blind-alley" employment, with the wages of teachers still two points below hod carriers and six points below blacksmiths—with all this adversity beclouding the horoscope of the common American boy and girl the e is little to cheer the ordinary parent.

However, all this is not so much a matter of pity or injustice in respect to the teacher. The school ma'am is not going to starve or even go hungry. She is going to quit, is quitting now. The weight of the wrong here falls upon the child. It is a blow at the integrity of the entire growing generation and the future of the nation. Hard business sense applied to the problem of quick relief is what we need here. Two methods suggest themselves—

First, let the national and State governments, through their legislative assemblies, appropriate an educational fund together equaling one-third of the present teachers' salary budget. These bodies have long been accustomed to making appropriations for their higher institutions, so there is no new principle involved here.

Second let there be established at the office of every county and every city superintendent a bureau for placing teachers in profitable employment during the summer as agents, clerks, managers, stenographers and so on. One grammar school teacher who commends this idea has just reported: "I do not go begging or loafing during the summer season. I have learned to clear from a third to a half of a year's salary canvassing. This work is rest enough and it is good recreation after teaching. By getting out among the people for three months a teacher can learn more about human nature and more practical things about the management of children than she could acquire in a summer school. This period of canvassing is a combined course in patron visiting, in psychology, in sociology and in practical business. It brings me back to the school room with added self-confidence and increased ability."

Not all teachers will desire to go on the road for a season, but all who feel the pinch of the low salary should drop the lazy summer vacation habits and get out and hustle at something.

Teaching is altogether too charming a business to be dropped lightly. For the normal young woman I should say that marriage and motherhood ought to be considered as about the only justification for quitting the profession. But I urge with all seriousness that happy, active vacation employment is a commendable way to add something both to the purse and to the charm of teaching.

Dealing With Disease

By Brice Belden, M. D.

Functional and Organic Diseases.

PHYSICIANS have long been accustomed to divide diseases into two great classes, the organic and the functional.

By organic diseases have been meant those in which positive defects of structure have been present, recognizable by the senses; in which tissue alterations could be detected by the eye or the microscope, by feeling or by hearing (stethoscope, etc.), or by any method revealing cellular change.

By functional diseases have been meant those in which structural changes have apparently not been present; in which things seemed to be normal in form and substance but not working right.

As may be guessed by the reader the latter diseases are diminishing in number as medical science advances. To call certain well defined diseases functional today would simply be to confess ignorance of progress.

Common sense will tell any one that if a machine won't work there must be an organic reason for it.

To take some common instances, let us consider neurasthenia, hysteria and "nerves." Nowadays we try to find out what is behind these affections. We don't tell the victims their illnesses and "cheer up" as the genial physician of former times used to do in such circumstances.

These apparently functional ailments, when closely studied by all the means available to modern practitioners, very often resolve themselves into obscure infections.

When these infections are properly dealt with the so-called functional diseases disappear.

The thing to do in these cases is to find out the cause of the disturbance. In the maorjity of instances it is now possible for physicians to determine scientifically just why a given individual suffers from distressing symptoms, and when this is determined it is usually possible to remove the cause.

Do You Know That—

Roller skating dates back as far as the year 1790.

The sparrow can fly for short distances at the rate of eighty miles an hour.

A gold coin depreciates 5 per cent in value in sixteen years of constant use.

The horn of a rhinoceros is not joined to the bone of the head, but grows on the skin.

The wreck record of the Baltic Sea is greater than that of any other part of the world.

Owing to the dry, cold atmosphere, not a single infectious disease is indigenous to Greenland.

The Two Voices

AN INTERESTING SERIAL BY A FAMOUS WRITER

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

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CHAPTER XX.

HURRYING from the room, Ruth met her sister at the head of the stairs.

"I am not coming in," Doris began. "I only got worried for fear that he——" Then something in her sister's manner made her ask, "What's the matter?"

"Hush! Not so loud!" Ruth warned in a low voice, adding hastily, "I let Hugh think I was you. He has called me by your name. So he thinks you are I. Understand?"

"Oh, how dreadful!" Doris began, but her sister interrupted her, speaking loudly enough for her words to be heard in the library.

"Yes, Ruth, you can come in and see Hugh, although you can stay for only a minute."

But, to her dismay, Doris hung back. "If he thinks I am you, and just coming upstairs, why can't you pretend that your are yourself and say the right thing?"

So tense was the state of Ruth Courtney's nerves that for the instant she did not see the humor of the situation nor of her sister's remark. In a flash she appreciated that a longer delay would awaken Hugh's suspicions.

"Very well, then," she muttered. "I will be myself, and you, yourself."

"No—no!" Doris started to protest. But without allowing her time to continue, Ruth caught her by the arm an drew her into the library.

"Here I am, Hugh—I Ruth," she said, crossing the room quickly. "Welcome home! Doris tells me you were asking for me."

As she spoke, she slipped the little pearl ring from her finger and dropped it into her pocket.

Hugh sat up and held out his hands. Ruth put both of hers into them.

Playing A Part.

"You are soon to be well again," she said in her crispest, most businesslike manner. "You must admit that I have kept my promise to you and have taken very good care of Doris. It is wonderful to think that you two are together again."

A shade of something like disappointment crossed the man's face. Ruth saw and understood it. He was wishing that she, his old friend, were not quite so cool and practical. He had hoped for a more sympathetic greeting. But she must play her part.

"Doris will let me stay for only a minute now," she went on, drawing her right hand away, but leaving her left hand in his clasp long enough for his fingers to feel that she wore no rings. "We must be going—mustn't we, Doris, dear?—at least, I must."

She looked at her sister significantly, and Doris rose to the occasion.

"Yes, Hugh, we must be going," she said softly.

Hugh smiled wistfully. "It is wonderful how acute one's other senses become when one's sight is lacking," he remarked. "I notice, as never before, how much alike you two girls' voices are. Why, I could hardly tell one from the other just now. When you came in, Ruth, your voice sounded just as Doris' had sounded only a minute before."

Ruth laughed. "Yes, that is what mother says, Doris and I get her sadly confused. She calls one of us and the other answers, and she never knows, the difference. Well, so long, Hugh! I shall see you soon again—if Doris will let me."

"Doris is coming to me every afternoon," Hugh told her, "Ruth, is that very selfish of me—to let her come so often I mean?"

"Not a bit," was the prompt reply. "Especially as she would not be content to stay away—if she is to be judged by other engaged girls. And now I will run on downstairs. Doris, come as soon as you can, please—for it is getting on toward luncheon-time, and I have an engagement immediately after luncheon."

Ruth Is Deceived.

Doris looked at her appealingly, then followed her to the door. Here Ruth whispered a command.

"Kiss him good-by. Say the correct thing. Then come away."

After which, without a backward glance, Ruth Courtney went from the room and down the stairs.

Slowly, Doris returned to her betrothed's side. He smiled as she approached.

"Ruth is all very well in her way, darling," he commented, "But she is not gentle and sympathetic like you. She seems to have changed since I was with her last. I could not help contrasting you two when she came in just now—although her voice is so much like yours that it fairly startled me.

"But her manner is so different, Doris. She is so snappy and brisk, and practical! But you are the only really perfect girl in all this world, dear heart."

His sightless eyes were turned toward her. She tried to avoid them. They were uncanny—seeming to see everything and really seeing nothing. She felt almost as if the deception she and Ruth had practiced were detected by this man. Her common sense told her this was a foolish fancy, yet a sudden impulse made her ask:

"Hugh, can't you see anything at all—really, not a thing?"

He winced as if she had struck him. "Not a thing," hoarsely.

"Poor dear!" she exclaimed. She dropped a hasty kiss on his forehead. "I must go now. Ruth is waiting."

He misinterpreted the agitation in her voice. "Don't be too sorry for me, darling," he advised. "You must not let my misfortune make you unhappy. I have you, you know."

Then, before she could check him, he drew her to him and kissed her again and again.

(To Be Continued.)

The Rhyming Optimist

'TIS not the town in which you eat, the place where you hang out, not just a number on a street or route where you may have your beat that I would talk about. No, none of these is what I mean, and when I ask you straight: "Pray, tell me where is your demesne?" why, do not get it in your bean I want your town or State. Your home may be of mud or stone; it matters not a whit; in city street or country lane, a barren place or rose-o'ergrown; these things count not a bit. For lofty castles sometimes hold a soul in poverty, cruel and careless, weak and cold, bound by a web of shining gold from all that it might be. The walls about you day by day tell no one where you live; but little things you do and say, the songs you sing, the games you play—all these the answer give. Some guys who say "On Easy street I have a fair abode," are poorer than the kids you meet with tousled hair and stone-bruised feet in any country road. Because those kiddies live in lands of dreams and fancies fair, in realms where fairies wave their wands and pixies dance in merry bands, without a single care. But, though you've left your childhood days and though your home be poor, your dreams can lead down happy ways where golden sunlight ever strays and songbirds ever lure. And though the roof that shelters you be mean and old and bare, your soul can soar to skies of blue and clover blossoms wet with dew, till you'll be living there! The walls about you day by day no hint may ever give—but places where your food thoughts stray and linger in a loving way are really where you live.

In Days Gone By.

"Where can I get a drink in this town?" asked a traveler who had just arrived at a small Western settlement. "See that millinery shop over there?" said the native, pointing to a building near the station. "You don't mean to say they sell whiskey in a millinery store?" exclaimed the traveler. "No, I mean that's the only place here where they don't sell!" said the man.

The Wreck of the Coastbound Whiskey Train.

By FONTAINE FOX.

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